

## POEMS

PEACE?...

V. F. Beliajus

Holy night, silent night.  
All is quiet—  
Except my heart is torn by storm.  
Burning flames consume me.  
No matter how great the flood of tears  
Intense the flames remain.  
Silent is the night,  
But not my heart.

G. I. STEW

By Pvt. Gene Wierbach

There's Slumgullion, Goulash and Mulligan

All three of special brew  
But if you please a chowhound  
Just give him GI stew.

Take lots of "aqua pura"  
Some flour to make it thick  
Pork or beef or mutton  
Pepper for a kick.

Now toss in some odds and ends  
Of celery leaves and spuds  
Don't forget the onion  
Or a few nice garlic buds.

Cook this potage tenderly  
And serve on boiled rice  
Topped with sprigs of parsley  
'Twill make it look so nice.

But, alas it never is like this  
No matter what they do  
The rice resembles mother's starch  
The stew resembles glue.

## THE WARMING TREE

Jon Beck Shank

The tree has reached its age and  
presently  
Is young again with silver beads and  
ear drops:

Its breathy scent is spiced with vigor  
of  
An overheated young man in from  
skiing.

It shields the scene beneath it broodingly:  
Immobile figures dent a warm snow,  
Suspending life for peace below the  
rich  
Rich benediction of these kind-ex-  
tended arms,

The closely bristling, spiked protect-  
ing walls.

The head-gear star, more bright than  
added candles,

Smiles like the eye of an old man,  
gold

And steel, under his foil-gray hair,  
And filters down as visible kindness  
through

The draped and decorated green tent  
shape,

Kindling the little land beneath,  
Warming the commonest blood.

The tree is goodness, do you feel?

Is your night cold?

## IT WAS ONLY A DREAM, BUT . . .

a warning during my continued dream.  
"Don't build your dreams around Kazy!"

No sooner I fell asleep, I found myself anxiously pacing the floors, going from one window to the other to await Kazy's coming. It has been two and a half years since I saw him last. Since then, he saw the ardours of battles on many Pacific islands. But I saw no Kazy coming. I went outside and restlessly walked about the patio that faced the street. Neighbors returning from their shopping joyously informed me: "We saw Kazy. He looks grand!" Others added: "You'll be proud of your brother. He looks swell in his Marine uniform."

\* \* \*

I could sleep no longer. But my following thoughts I wish to share, especially with parents whose children left them as boys who as yet did not have to shave and will return as men.

\* \* \*

I ran to the drug store. It was crowded with people. I saw a mute lad whom I knew well (but in actual life I haven't seen him in many years and he lives in Minnesota), and in my brand of sign language I asked him: "Did you see Kazy?" But he shrugged his shoulders, either denoting that he did not understand me or that he did not see him.

As I was about to leave the crowded drug store, I stopped for a moment to grasp at a tall 7'7" Marine dressed in blue. His height made me fear lest he'll fall like a felled tree. And everytime he swayed, people stretched out their hands at his back to prevent his falling. But why do I stare? I must find him.

Running through the streets I compared my situation with that of the ancient folk songs found in the Bible, called, "The Song of Songs," where the bride Shulamith ran through the streets of Jerusalem to find her beloved who seemed to be everywhere yet out of her grasp.

Then, in my dream I recalled a factual incident that transpired when Kazy was coming home from Camp Pendleton, Calif., for his furlough prior to his going across. In his call he said he would arrive at the Englewood Station. But when the train pulled in, he was not there. Kazy arrived on a different train that did not even come through the South Side, and to a station fifteen miles away. For a while I was frantic, but at the information booth they told me that another California train is arriving three hours late. So I went home.

Meanwhile, Kazy who forgot where he told me to meet him, searched for me but did not see me. "It was so unlike Vyts," he reasoned. He called me over the phone several times and there was no response. He worried lest an accident overtook me. Not having a key to the house, he went to his girl's home who lived at the far southwest (I lived at the far southeast). Finally his call found me home. My first reaction was of unreasonable ire for his going to her house and not coming home. The next half hour until the two arrived, were years in length.

As if a voice from nowhere whispered

V. F. Beliajus

A woman who has a progressively educated child of five, and on her way toward having another, was a little embarrassed when she got on a crowded bus with her daughter who promptly asked in a sure shrill voice: "Who'll give my poor pregnant mother a seat?"

## IT'S THE TRUTH

### HELP

A Catholic Chaplain at an advanced Marine base was put in charge of a Protestant service, too. He had only one handicap: the hymns were strange to him. One Sunday morning he was stuck, couldn't remember how the opening hymn began. The Marines noticed his embarrassment, when a Texas voice sang out: "That's allright preacher, we'll take care of the singing—you just give us hell."

\* \* \*

There are six Six boys in the armed forces, five of the six Six boys are in the Army and the sixth Six is in the Navy. Their home is Philadelphia.

### OBLIGING WAITER

Ft. Riley, Kan.—When Lt. Col. Frank Meyers sat down to dinner at the officers' Club, the waiter brought him a knife and a fork, but no spoon. "This coffee," he remarked pointedly, "is going to be pretty hot to stir with my fingers." The waiter beat a hasty retreat and returned with another cup of coffee. "Maybe this isn't so hot, sir," he beamed.

### PLEASE!

"Stars and Stripes" tells a story of a 2nd Lt. working as a trial judge advocate in North Ireland. He tacked this message on his door: "Courtmartial docket completely jammed. Any soldier desirous of committing a violation of the Articles of War will please postpone said intention for at least 10 days."

### GENERAL

Admiral Halsey was late getting to a football game and stepped on a sailor's foot while scrambling to his seat. The sailor, not looking up, yelled: "Get off my foot, you big lug." Then he recognized the Admiral, blurted: "Oh, my goodness, beg pardon sir. Here's my other foot—go ahead—step on it!"

### WIRES

A G-I on furlough wired Lt. Curtis T. Schowalter, Commanding Officer, the following: "Whosoever findeth a wife findeth a good thing. Prov. 18:22. Therefore request five days extension. My confidence in you tells me you'll agree."

The Commanding Officer responded by collect wire: "Parting is such sweet sorrow, Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Scene 2. Extension denied. My confidence in you assures me you'll be back on time."

### COMPANY

A man in Atlanta took four friends to visit a farm he owned. The visitors entered the tenant farmer's house, were a little embarrassed when they discovered he had only two chairs. Finally the owner said: "I don't believe you have enough chairs here."

The old farmer took a dip of snuff, muttered: "I got plenty of chairs—just too darn much company."

### SHO NUFF, HONEY CHILE

The Sawsah auf Suthrn Accent was ben done did awrganized in Gadsden, Ala., Fust meetin' to be heyeld at Hope,



## FINNY'S FUNNIES

Barber: "Here's the 'brush-like' hair cut you wanted, soldjr."

Lil: "That soldier is as bald as a billiard ball. How do you suppose he got that way?"

Bill: "He was probably caught in a hair raid."

She: "I wouldn't marry you if you were the only man on earth."

He: "Of course you wouldn't; you'd get killed in the rush."

"Waiter, you can't expect me to eat this stuff. I want you to call the manager."

Waiter: "Sorry, sir, it's no use; he won't eat it either."

A Chinese had a toothache and phoned a dentist for an appointment.

"Two-thirty all right?" asked the dentist.

"Yes," replied the Chinese. "Tooth hurte, all right. What time I come?"

Gal: "Thanks for the hug."

Gob: "The pressure was mine."

"My wife," said one, "is very poetic. She gets up at sunrise and says 'Lo the morn!'"

"Huh!" said the other sadly. "Mine says 'mow the lawn!'"

Three G-I letters: (1) "Dear Mom, can't tell you where I am as it's a military secret, but last night I shot a polar bear."

(2) "Dear Mom, can't tell you where I am, but last night I danced with a Hula girl."

(3) "Dear Mom, I can't tell you that I am in a hospital, and altho I can't tell how or why I got here, I can and will say that I should have shot the girl, and danced with the bear."

Jill: "What makes you so stiff?"

Bill: "Perhaps I eat too many starches."

Ark., cause it hays fewest Yankees 'n "Geo-lingually" it is in the centah of the Suthrn accent belt. So, Mawnin' glowry, Sweet pea and Sugah baby, Ah reckon y'all join 'n he'p prevent assimilation, so that we may retain awr nationality. Deawn with the Yankee tawk. Lawng live the Confederacy! Yeah man!

Page Eight

## WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF AN AIR RAID

(Thank your lucky stars that we will not have to follow the advice given.)

1. As soon as the bombs start dropping run like heck, it doesn't matter as long as you run.

2. Wear track shoes if possible, you will find it much easier climbing over the slowpokes in front of you.

3. Take advantages of opportunities afforded you when air raid sirens sound: (a) If in a bakery, grab some pie or cake. (b) If in a tavern, grab a bottle. (c) If in a movie, women grab a Clark Gable, men a Betty Grable.

4. If you find an unexploded bomb, always pick it up and shake it hard. Maybe the firing pin is stuck. If that doesn't work, heave it in the furnace. The fire department will come later and take care of things.

5. If an incendiary bomb is found burning in the building, you are to throw gasoline on it. You can't put it out anyway so you might as well have a little fun.

(a) If no gasoline is available, throw a bucket of water on it. Lie down. YOU ARE DEAD!

6. Always get excited and holler bloody murder. It will add to the fun of confusion and scare the devil out of the kids.

7. Drink heavily, eat onions, limberger cheese, etc., before entering a crowded air raid shelter. It will make you unpopular with people within your immediate vicinity, eliminating necessary discomfort that would be more prevalent if people crowded too closely.

8. If you should be the victim of a direct hit, don't go to pieces, lie still and you won't be noticed.

9. Knock air raid wardens down if any start to tell you what to do. They always save the best seats for themselves and their friends anyhow.

10. For further details consult your local undertaker. He'll give you the business.

The Air Raid Warden.

A tourist entered the best restaurant in a small Montana town. "Whatcha got?" he growled.

"Sage hen," answered the waiter.

"What's sage hen?"

"It's a bird that lives around here," explained the waiter.

"Has it got wings?" the tourist inquired.

"Of course it's got wings."

"Then I don't want any!" snorted the tourist. "I don't want nothing that has wings and still stays in Montana."

Pvt.: "What's the best way to teach a girl to swim?"

Pfc.: "That requires technique. First you put your left hand around her waist, then you gently take her left hand and—"

Pvt.: "She is my sister."

Pfc.: "Oh—push her off the dock."

"Sugar pie," said the dark one to his Susie, "Did that kiss I just gave you make you long for another?"

"It sure did," said Susie, "but he's out of town."